

ANGRY, YOUNG + POOR'S



MISpent Youth

+ other keen zines

Get 'em @



So. Chicago ABC

P.O. Box 721

Homewood, IL 60430

SOUTH CHICAGO ABC
ZINE DISTRO
POB 721 HOMEWOOD IL 60430

— ((FNSHD - 10/30/06)) —




No Me ha gas Tu PuFo,
Por favor.

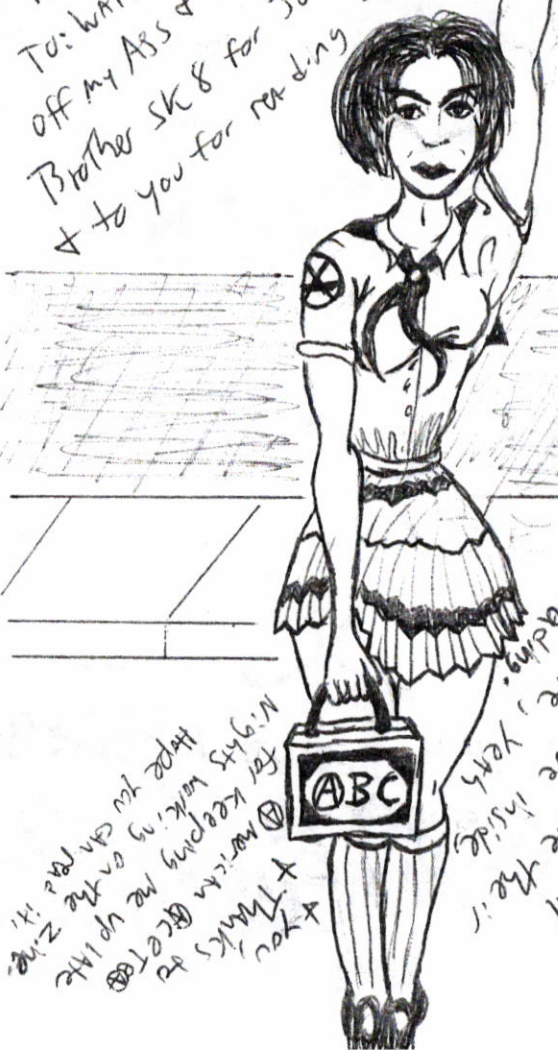


¿¿¿ What in the DAM H*LL!?!?



Scoby
Thankx!

These in bred
Fux that work here for
giving me Hell. To my inbred
Parents for fueling the Anger I have
inside; I turned out ^{better} than you pieces of shit.
To: wait from F.F.T.G., for inspiring me to get
off my Ass & do something, Thank Abt brother. To my
Brother sk & for just being there when I needed Him,
& to you for reading this shit! 



Yeah you're thanks for
Lives & keep us alive inside.
Writers fuckers that share the
Publishers & Distros that share the
To the scene.
Chris
Thankx!
+ you, Thanks to
+ I wish direct
+ for keeping me up late
+ nights working on the zine.
+ Hope you can read it!

Reforces

So. Chicago ABC

P.O. Box 721

Homewood, IL 60430

Houston ABC

P.O. Box 667614

Houston, TX 77266-7614

Lawrence ABC

P.O. Box 1483

Lawrence, KS 66044

PANORAMA Society (\$)

109 ARNOLD AVE

Cranston, RI 02905

ZEN Baby (\$2)

P.O. Box 1611

Santa Cruz, CA 95061-1611

Write us! Rant, Draw - we'll put it in our zine!

Christopher Ogden

#14210890 S.R.C.I.

777 STANTON Blvd

ONTARIO, OR 97914

Josh Lennon - Brown

#15138738 S.R.C.I.

777 STANTON Blvd

ONTARIO, OR 97914

Remember, we're in prison & our mail is raped
before we get it.

ABC



Back

MARK

Free
Zine Distro

Free
Zine Distro

Continued from Pg 27

(What made you want to write zines?)

MUTT - WALT from FFTG, & my brother. They both got me through their writing & made me want to get off my Ass & Do something.

MY - What Advice would you give to would be zine writers?

MUTT - Just write. Find something that your passionate about & write. Don't care what other people think, people are Ass holes, who cares what they think.

MY - What do you get from zines that you can't find any where else?

MUTT - The one thing I've noticed is that you get more up close & personal with the writers. These are their personal thoughts, And no two zines are the same.

MY - Any shout outs? curses?

MUTT - I say fuck ya to SK8, WALT, Reb, Anthony Ryson & curse the system.

MY - Good times.



Hope you all enjoyed our zine, & if not your a soldier for making it through.

Peace out +
WTF THE PUNK 37

HELLO! THANK for picking up Issue #2 of Angry, Young & poor.

Issue #1 has been misplaced, or just straight up lost, it may or may not ever come out. So Here's #2. Enjoy it, or Fuck off. **IT** doesn't matter cuz we made this for us, Not you. So, you gotta Ask yourself, why Areit you **us**?! Why do you have to make it "Us vs. Them"?! Do you think That Fixes Anything?! Fuck!

- This zine WAS made with Hate & Discontent (for the system that holds us here) & a whole hell of a lot of contraband. Well, some contraband, enough for us.

- So take us with you to the shelter & if you don't like our zine, who the fuck cares, use it for toilet paper!

*** UP THE PUNKS! ***

ANGRY, Young & Poor is Scooby & Mutt 1012 Oregon inmate(s) of the prison industrial complex.

Mispent youth is A Division of "Angry, Young And poor", headed by Christopher Ogden; Also currently an Oregon inmate.

Our Message is collaboration & communication in Revolutionary Action toward unity.

Our Action is the zines & letters that Connect us All in solidarity.

THINK GLOBAL ACT LOCAL

We should All be writing Zines. Why Aren't You writing A Zine? Write A Zine! CUZ You get no where being A consumer. Even if the Material is useful + relevant, you gotta Act; + for prisoners, writing is our Action. Letters, Zines, Communication, collaboration get off your ASS + do something!

Don't gotta publisher though do ya? Find one. Don't give up, And in the mean time, write your favorite zine writers + support the scene. Be involved in Any way possible. It's difficult to be A Prison writer when nobody writes back to you. Show your support, discuss ideas, share yourself, contribute.

Using your time wisely? Educating yourself? Great, share what you've learned. Individually we collaborate to become great.

Get involved, Do something! That's All I'm saying.

XACE

- Christopher

More Reviews #2 Flowers From The Grave

- This is the Perfect Zine, Walt is Very Personal with this one + it works. The drawings are great. It is well put together. This is A must have for Any Zinester, so get it. (FANORAMA)

S.O. #4 - A classic from the word get. My brother did A great Job putting this one together. A must have for anyone, so enjoy it. (FANORAMA)

Thought Bombs -

MAN WAS THIS A mind Fuck. How can one guy get All this info about the corruption in the country? Anthony Ryson is God. HAHAAH, Be on the look out for An I-View w/ Anthony in the next Ish of Angry, Young + Poor. Get em both, it'll blow your mind.

REVIEWS

STITCHED UP #1 - Good shit! Hard to read in places, cut + paste, + drawings, kick ass! stitch (sk8) + Etard + tear it up with some sharp pants. MANDATORY READ for All. (So. Chicago ABC)

THICK INK #1 - This tribute to the zine community will make you want to salute the zine intentional flag + sing the Anthem of the renege writers. (Anybody written that yet?) I hope Fredrick keeps writing. After he gets out in 2007. (FANARAMA Society)

UNWEDD SILENCE - Devin is personal + real. I'm not much for poetry but some of his poems left teeth marks in my skull. Hopefully he found a publisher, I want more.

PUNK PAGAN - This is good stuff. Mostly writing, relevant + thought provoking. Check it out. (FANARAMA Society)

ZENBABY - Makes my head all fuzzy. I'm not a poet like these guys + Gals but I enjoy the visit to their worlds.

GENERAL



AMERICAN
MORONS



UNTYPED
by Scooby

Another day, another dollar,

Another Bill collecting caller,

I'm Disillusioned and let down,

Cause all my heroes are Junkies now



We've all been Down this Road before
we're Always wrong when we think we're right.



But no matter what
we Always



Keep Up The Fight

wrong or right,

Doesn't matter.

We're Not



going to hand you this Nation



ON A Golden Platter.



Pockets keep on

Even though your Getting Fatter.

5

My Heart is Broke into a Million Pieces
Because of You.

I Look upon A Thousand faces,
But I can't tell the difference cause They All Look like you.

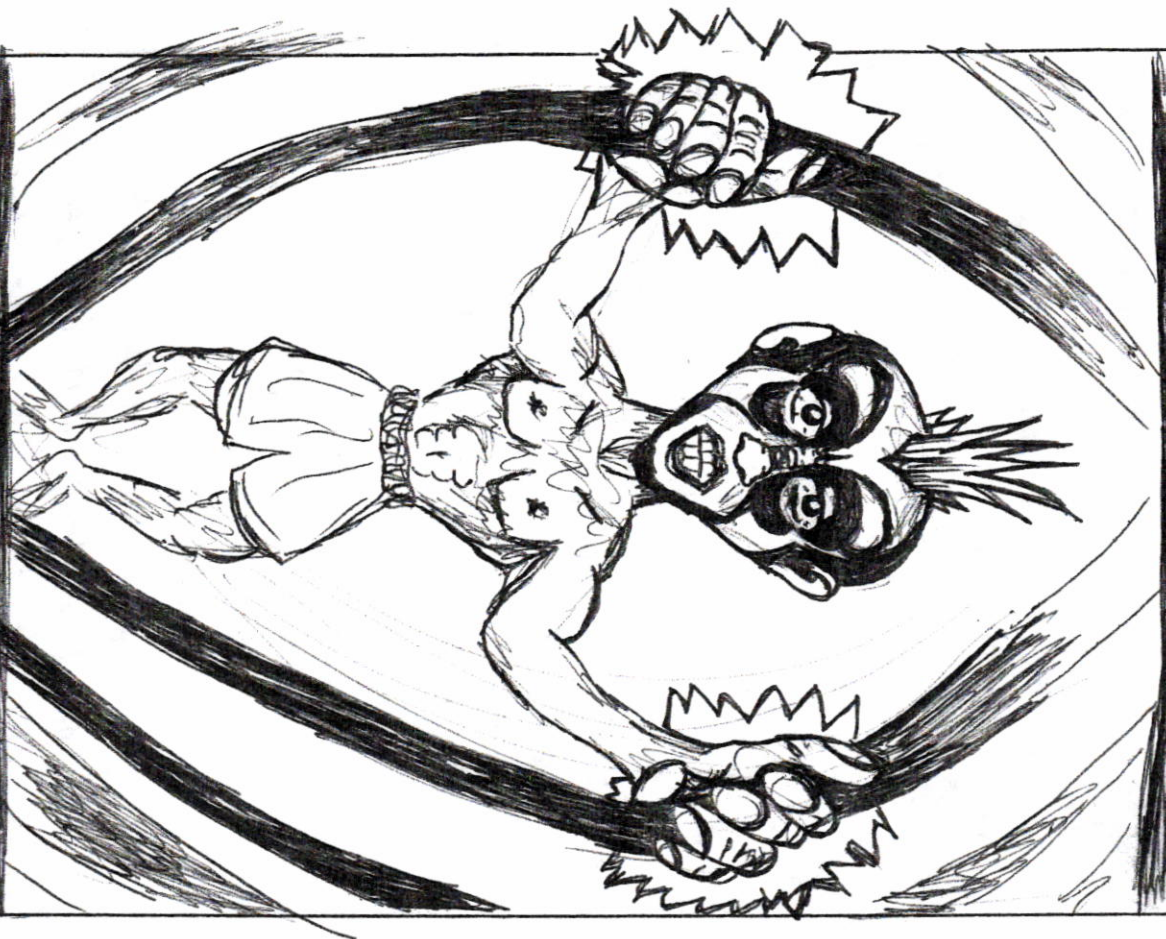
I've thought of suicide,
But That can't Be,
cause my heart is mendable,
And my eyes can still see.

You can take those memories,
cause I don't want them.

Life's full of uncertainties,
we all have that in common.

- Josh

ZINE'S BREAK



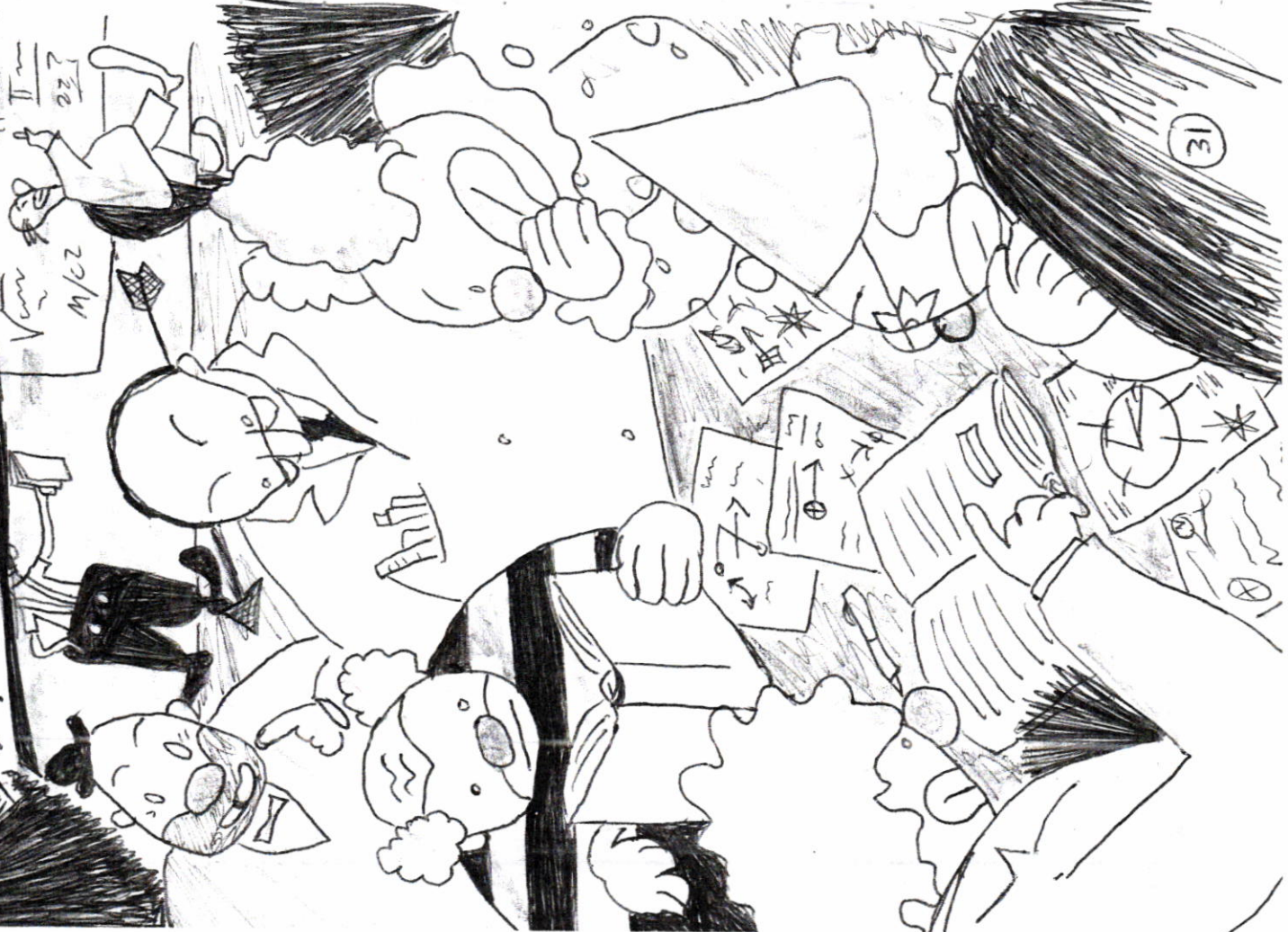
PARSY

Found something

Something needs to be done here. To those of us doing things, let's do more. Cuz this is Rediculous! Department of Corrections? Corrections? That's a force the heartless money grubbers should be proud of. All with this was a correctional facility; I'd love some rehabilitation; some education; some information that would be beneficial to me, I'd sing + Dance shamelessly, I'd stand on my head + wear little mermaid underoos for some of this "rehabilitation". Cuz I'm broken, This whole God Damn Country is broken + me with it cuz I live here. But all I've got is this sick + twisted parody of "Corrections", when I could really use some authentic interaction. My success + well being, As I think we all could, incarcerated or no. Instead, I have to fight for it. Fight like I'm some kind of Revolutionist, some kind of Rebel in an oppressive, communistic, tyrant Nation. I have to fight the negativity + the Flashy dressed up stake your booty capitalist bigotry. That's not this Show. I'm not a rebel, I'm not a terrorist, I'm not even an Anarchist, I'm just a human being trying to feel passionate about life in an Apathetic society, in an Apathetic world.

I screwed up, sure. I Broke a broken rule, cuz it didn't make sense, but instead of someone attempting to explain to me just what the hell all this Happy Horse shit is supposed to stand for, they toss me in Acells. → 32

Doc. Policy Writers



Van
M/CZ
916 = RM
II =
237

IM Too Young To Die

by Scooby

(I WAS 13 AT THE TIME OF THIS STORY)

One Night I WAS drinking with some fellow PUNK + my brother. I couldnt stop listening to

Agent Orange. Think the song was "Too young to die."

I Just dropped some Acid that I got from my Uncle

when he was in town a few days before. At first

it was a good trip but as we finished our last

case of PBR and started on our half gallons

of Irish Whiskey, I started seeing these little

green men with Fangs that looked a lot like SK8

but only uglier, and if you've seen my brother (2)

you know That's the hardest thing to do.

They kept getting bigger + bigger + more

uglier than the last, the more I drank. They

STARTED coming out of the bushes + eventually

Surrounded me.

Then the bushes behind me rattled. I turned

Around and A Big Green MAN, uglier than ALL the

little ones ~~my~~ brother combined comes out.

He looks AT me + SAYS -

HEMM...LUNCH!

o.o.o In this deep + scary voice. I just hit my
knees + screamed -

I Don't want to

Dre x

I'm Too Young to Dre x

Please Don't eat

Me x

You can Have My

Brother x

Just please Don't ~~EAT~~ Meee x

I just started bawling.

My brother picks me up off the ground
+ says -

"You can never listen to Agent Orange
and Drink with me Again,"

9

@ Ritual of Defeat

It's the weekends, wake YA Demons
It's Go'clock now liquor up
Roll a blunt you've got the feeling
Smoke that splitff refill your cup.

Bury your sorrow Burn your cares
Drawn your pain + toss Dispair

Ritual of Defeat, Drinking Fire -
Pissing Steam -

Ritual of Defeat, Wake yourself Now
it's A Dream,

Cuz 9 to 5 is the zombie Ride
Going Down, in the Devil confide
tell your whoas' to your grave stone
Cuz you Aint never that far from home

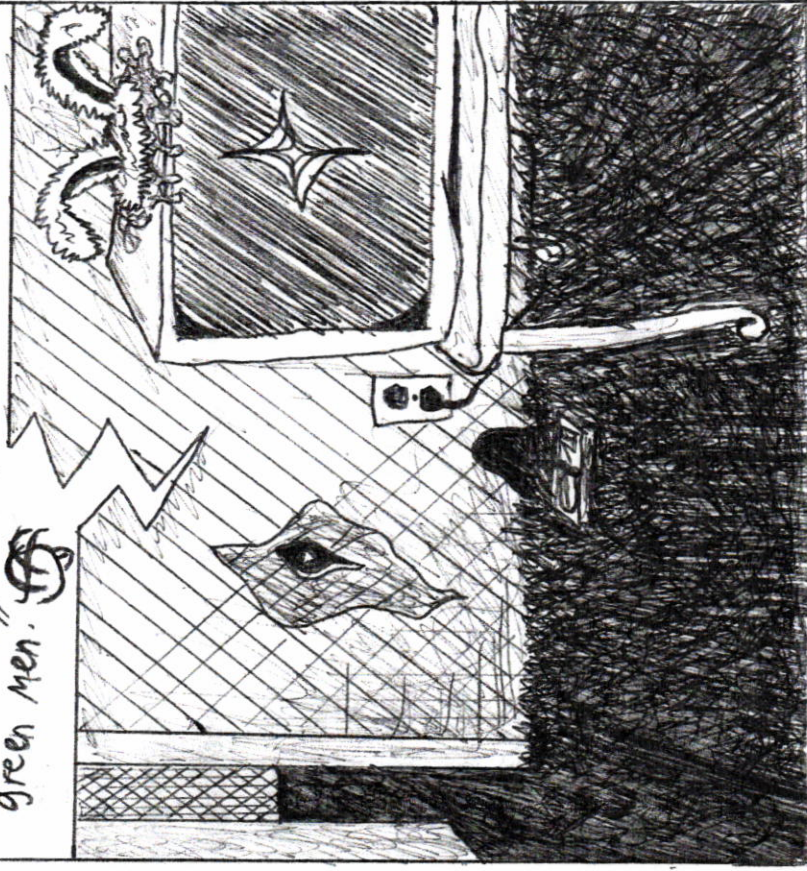
Ritual of Defeat, Drinking Fire -
Pissing Steam
Ritual of ~~Defeat~~, Wake your self

Now it's A Dream,

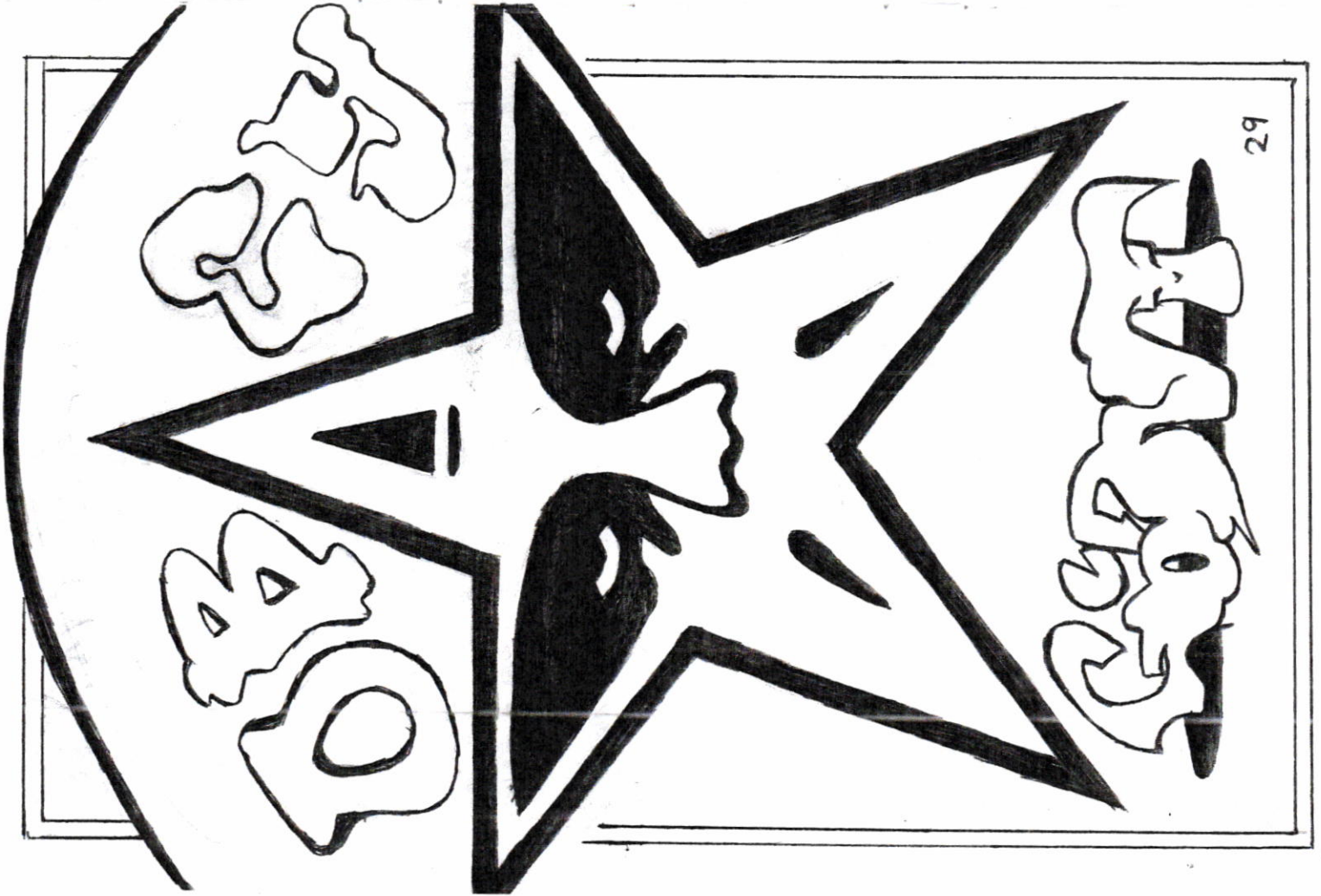
36

Hey Scooby, I call bull shit.
That never happened. How About it SK8?
Did that ever happen? **stay Tuned Folks!**
In mispent Youth #3, we'll have An Interview
with SK8 to here the Truth About "Little

green men." ~~FF~~



I was Looking through the glass,
don't know how much time has past -
but it feels like forever, And no one
ever tells you That forever feels Like
Home...
10



Thou Rince, by Chris Stephen

So, I get out of this people ware house in 9 months + my first thought is "MUST NOT COME BACK!" So that means 9 to 5. I hate 9 to 5. I hate the thought of working my life away until I'm too old to enjoy it. This will not do! At least not after I get off "Post-Prison supervision" - Secret squirrel code for parole After a day for day - No good time - Sentence. Beautiful! But breakable. Then I can go about protesting in a more intelligent manner that won't get me locked up.

So here's the idea I'm juggling. My dad sells health insurance. He wants me to work for him when I get out. I'll do it any ways cuz working for my dad is better than working for someone else. And since I must have a job while on "Post-Prison," it's logical.

Thought process As Follows:

#1. Insurance Companies Are evil. They do everything they can to wiggle out of paying your medical bills. They're greedy money grubbing weasels.

#2. People Need Insurance. Right? Cuz people (we) can't pay the crazy bills ^{that} ~~we~~ might incur, who knows what might happen. Plus it gives us control, * options regarding our lives, as far as doctors, * second opinions, + all that.

Calling All Punks!!

by ~~WTF~~

When I was growing up and all through school I never really fit in any where. There were no punks in my first year of high school, but you can say I was the only one.

Even then, I was made to feel like I didn't belong. When I went to shows, I was called a poser, told I wasn't a real punk cause they didn't know me, + the people I grew up with. + Cuz I was a Newcomer to "their scene."

So to all of you Punks & wannabe Punks, this is for you. Listen: how can our scene grow + how can we get our message out to people who don't know, if you have that attitude of "I'm better than you?" That shit just makes newcomers not want to be there.

So I challenge you to think of how people perceive your attitude + think before you act. And also think of how you would feel if it were you.

With unity we can accomplish what our minds set forth. It's up to you.

WTF
Calling All Punks!!

MY, - Gottcha there! Although the zine is on Earth, so technically we are too.

MUTT - HA! I got you. I was right for once in my short non-existing life.

MY, - Feeling your insignificance in this vast expanse of ... Prison? Or is that the Universe?

MUTT - All of the Above, man. That's why I do this zine, to feel important.

MY, - Ahh, The truth is made plain. Hey, I say we jump those fat slob's for their spread!

MUTT - I'm down, but there's nothing left of their spread. So what are we going to eat?

MY, - No, there's a cup left. I just tried to buy it off

Him, - A fool & his money are soon parted, but not a fat man & his food.

MUTT - Next question! Before I get the cornbread!

MY, - Yikes! Wait, you have food?!

MUTT - Oh, shit! Help!

MY, - See how you treat me? Let it be known, in these punk Annals, that mutt is stingy.

MUTT - I am not! The corn bread is stale & is used for discipline.

MY, - Any ways, put in that 7 seconds CD & riddle me this: What made you want to write zines?

Continued on page 37



Rip it out! Fix it up! Mail it out! We'll slap it in!

#3) My dad is a good person. He's not a slippery sales man. He doesn't hire slick rich types, they don't actually do well in his company any ways. My dad sells to people who's company doesn't provide (or provides crappy) health care, or to small businesses looking to provide affordable health care to themselves & their employees.

These people need health care. My dad and his people do their best to help them pick the best options to meet their needs. Not to sell them something they can't really afford, don't need or want.



#4. Then might I not be helping people by working for my dad? Sure, insurance companies ~~are~~ are crooked capitalist jackoffs, but that doesn't mean we don't need insurance, does it? I'm not trying to convince you, I'm asking you, cuz th. is what I'm thinking.

I sure would pay insurance here if it meant I didn't have to see these reject patsy Doctors, who tell us "drink more water" + "it's in your head" every time we have an issue, heartless nurses + crazy mad scientist dentists "they employ here, my teeth are probably rotting out of my head cuz I know better to let these wackos' anywhere near my mouth.

Granted there are more helpful things for our society than spreading affordable health care, but as far as 9 to 5's that help people?

What Do you think?

Let Me Know!



I-View with Mutt

MisSpent Youth - So, here we are in Angry, Young + Poor #2, but what happened to #1?

MUTT - It got stolen. I let sk8 read it then he got an idea to do a split-Isk + I haven't seen it since. So it's all his fault.

M.Y. - Ah ha, blame it on your brother, Good times

MUTT - Damn straight, good times, He'd do it to me!

M.Y. - MAN, it's been forever since I listened to some good punk. What are we listening to?

MUTT - It's The Warped Tour '05 CD. My fav's on this one are Flogging Molly, Tsunami Bomb + Atreyu is pretty bad too.

M.Y. - We should have a CD with our zine, so people can rock out while they read.

MUTT - Ha! I'm not sure we can do that, we're in prison Remember?

M.Y. - Oh right. Well, soon enough I'll be out, then I could. Only most prisoners couldn't get them. Damn, ah well, I tried.

MUTT - Welcome Back To Fear!'

M.Y. - where? I'm not on earth, I'm on a piece of paper in the hands of our readers ...

MUTT - Oh, yeah... I forgot,



While the smaller imps & elves play with
 their machine,
 making toots & things a maglots, that remain to
 be seen
 maybe their just bystanders
 or maybe their the cause
 They might just be the floor boards or
 the engines of chaos,
 could it have all began somewhere?
 As **FATTERED** Dragons fly,
 for though they all shall fade away,
 they'll surely never die.



IF WE ARE REALLY Dying let us hear the
 rattle in our throats and feel the cold in our
 extremities; if we are alive, let us go about
 living.
 MAN SITS AS MANY RISKS AS he runs.

ANGRY, YOUNG & POOR'S

STARFISH SYNAGOGUE

Once you PASS through the star Gate
 you will fall into the Lake of Two -
 moons, from there, the second gate,
 the Gate of the Swirl will take you to...



Feceah Book of the Deth



You have misinterpreted the
 Holy Law, you cannot PASS!

Feceah extremists: Diarrhea

by Christopher

MISTANT YOUTHS!!!

Disembodied Dragons




Bearded face upon the floor
Two monsters each - with a wicked axe
chasing a




Little Man
with a burning
hand.

Ogre in the shadows, demons heard
don't know what he said
tried to eat the two-toothed cloudy
ball of lead.

Down the pits, the circus imp screams
Devouring smoldering sky scape ruins -
That haunt the lower scene



MR. Clean, tell me is that really you? 
I wonder what you've done, to become so 
 Big & Dumb.

Last time we met you beat me up 
That was no surprise, 
Though I miss the Days when you were nice,
 24

This Page is Blank 'cause we would like to have
A moment of Silence for Tom Roberts of Pasadena
who died a while Ago.
RIP, Brother.

NOTHING GAWDY *

by Scooby & NAT

There's nothing left here for me

Sitting in this Nazi Country
If this is the land of opportunity
Then slit my wrists & let me bleed
PAY your taxes, shut your mouth
While ruling classes sit on their couch.

Gotta get up & get out of here
I gotta get up & do something right
Gotta break the chains that hold us here
Even if it's my last fight -

STAND UP!

As I fade away & watch it bleed,
The spirit of rebellion came -

"How did we get on our knees,
choking on the cock of Democracy?"
Will we continue to let this be?
Or will we bite the hand that feeds?

STAND UP!

Cause we won't take this any more...



ALL these GANSTER ASS
HIPPIES WANNA KILL ME,
HIGH CLASS - WHITE TRASH MAN

They just don't feel me!

I'm on a silent spree, of love &
respect. CALL ME INSANE, call me
crazy, it'll have no effect / not a grain
I take your world with a pound of salt,
& some **TABASCO** to drown that sour taste

Out! Cuz y'all devote - to whatever God
you about, & that's fine with me just don't

Be A FLEE / Under my skin-praching original
Sin, sorry charlie I got problems of my own to
Audit, I can't be pickin' up faults, your play king

Alotted // Freedom of Religion - **these NUTS** on your
chin, **CHRISTIAN USA**, mm, where the hell have you been?

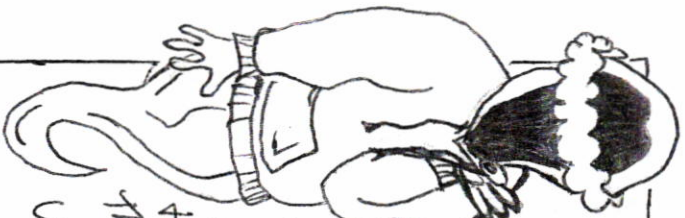
Up on cloud Nine or the parking garage, dead to the
world or potential causes / your savior will be here -
Any day now, he'll do the hokey pokey & - Hey now!

take you away? Maybe in a **STRAIT JACKET**, or **SUICIDAL**
Kool-Aid cuz god made the packets // I can't -

Rationalize working 9 to 5, Aint it real to
assume you've been **Zombified**? please don't -

Pimp my ride, MAN I can't decide, some times I
WANNA kill the world, sometimes I wanna die!

But that's - / emotional minimum, this here is
Segregation, where truth hides behind



doors, A cell warrior Nation/ Battle-
stations, Battle stations, cuz An ego
has no patience, if some body don't
back down we're gonna have an Altu-
cation/ complication simplified,
Paladins put aside pride, cuz A beef
Just to beef is where Aces slide they
/side loose, playing duck duck goose,
to their immature games of more Danger
than use!

Use to - enjoy life, but now it's done
for the sake of the knife, in-/ Ranko laced
I got Berries by the case, their mint a child in
This warle who want know my face!

Transition, switch positions, time to introduce
the Real Foundation/ Hippie inhabiting the Hole
like perdition, 'been fishin', in my orange surp-
suits/ writing letters by the pound & killing
books - Ahh shoot', Pages missing, the best ones are/
been tore up & wrote on cuz they been so far
All these Gangster Ass Hippies wanna kill me,
High class - white trash, man,

They Just Don't Feel Me!

17

FRANK.

Postage Trick! →

So this Rich Guy in the 1800's donated
millions of Dollars to the Post Office so homeless
people could send Mail to their family's. Nice guy
eh? Look it up in the dictionary.

So what this means my Good Zinesters is
That you need not pay postage. All you gotta do
is write "FRANK" up where the stamp goes &
Mail that bad boy off! Seriously! It works,
Guaranteed! And for us prisoners who can't buy
envelopes without postage Drop A FRANK on
there & overstuff the hell out of that loope,
extra postage payed!

In the USA 700 People out of every
100,000 ARE in Prison. This compares
with: New Zealand 155 per 100,000,
Germany 100, Spain 138, Canada 116,
South Africa 400, Australia 115.

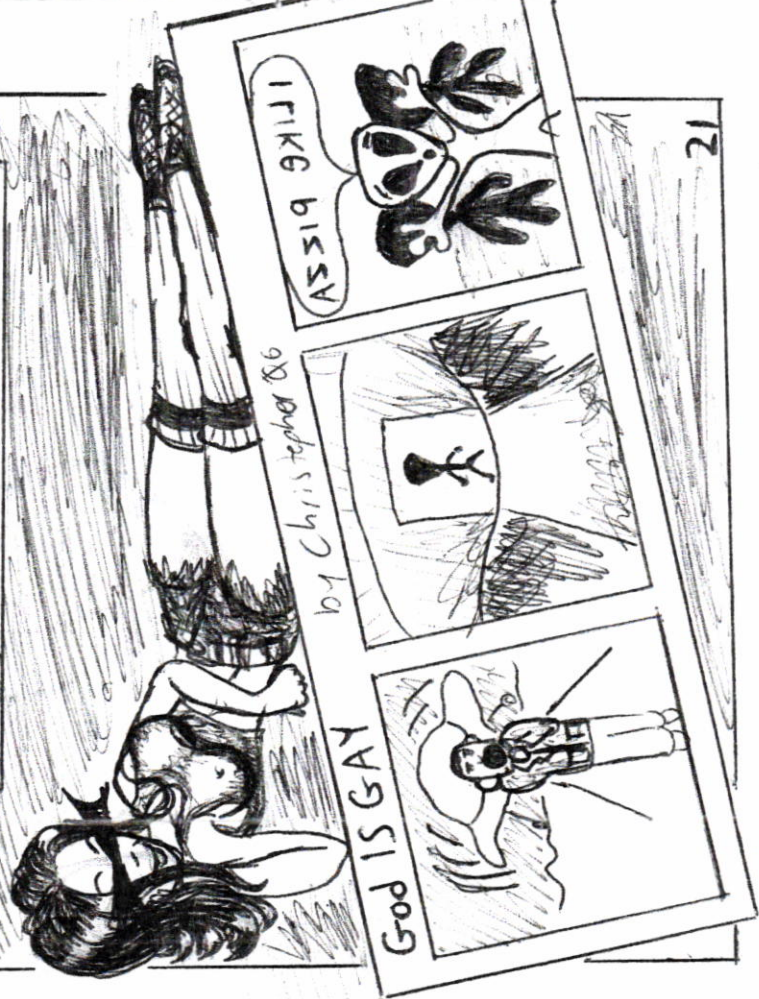
Home of the Brave, Land of the Free?

→ WIG OUT! X

22

God IS GAY
by Christopher '86
INSIDER TRADING

The top Selling Toy
companies this year
will be...



I like bissy

by Christopher '86

God IS GAY

SEND ART!

we'll put it in our zine.

(You will get credit for your work.)



